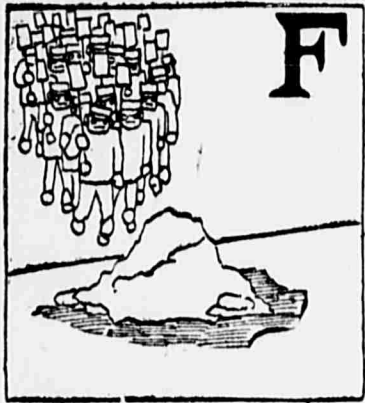


The Evening World.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 57 Park Row, New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and Canada:
One Year.....\$3.50
One Month......30
For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union:
One Year.....\$5.75
One Month......45
VOLUME 49.....NO. 17,814.

OUT OF EVERYBODY'S POCKET.



FORTY-EIGHT men were at work removing the snow from the City Hall plaza yesterday morning, a job which a team, a scraper and two men could have done more quickly and more thoroughly. This one little job cost the city treasury about twelve times as much as it could have been done for. It is an illustration of how this city pays so much to do so little well.

To say that these men were "at work" is a grossly flattering description of what they were doing. At one time eleven of the forty-eight were really scraping or shovelling snow. During a quarter of an hour's observation the lowest number doing any physical exertion at one time was seven, and the highest was not a dozen. Three or four men worked along steadily either because they were new hands in the city's employ and unaccustomed to municipal loafing methods or because it was cold and steady exercise tended to keep them warm.

The other men acted as if they were subject to heart disease and had been advised by their doctors that any violent or continued exertion might prove fatal.

If the City Hall plaza were part of the Pennsylvania Railroad station property, belonged to a factory or was in the hands of any private owner whose business the snowfall interfered with, the work would have been done before the crowds began to pass.

As it was a city job, done by city employees, the less work done the bigger the payroll and the more emergency appropriation to be asked.



If the Pennsylvania Railroad was handling the Catskill water job would its engineers have a bill of \$4,000 a month horse and automobile hire? Would it employ ninety \$50 a day commissioners to acquire real estate? Would it pay for 800 feet of borings when the drill did not go down 800 feet? Would it put several meters in one public building?

The tax rate jumps this year.

Next year it will jump again.

Year after year the taxes will rise higher and higher. That means that rents will be higher; that the grocer will have to charge more for food; that the butcher must raise the price of meat; that fewer buildings will be erected and that the purchasing power of the wages of everybody not on the city's payroll will be correspondingly diminished.

How many object lessons like that in City Hall Park yesterday will be required before the mass of the people of New York realize that every dollar which bad government costs comes out of their pockets?

Letters From the People

The Maine's Explosion.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What destroyed the United States steamer Maine and who did it?
ALFRED WESTGILL,
Public School No. 32.
The Maine was destroyed by a mine in Havana Harbor. A board of inquiry failed to fix the blame upon Spain or to learn definitely who was responsible for the tragedy.

Height of Brooklyn Bridge.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is the height of the Brooklyn Bridge towers?
T. L.
The extreme height of the bridge's towers above high water line is 275 feet.

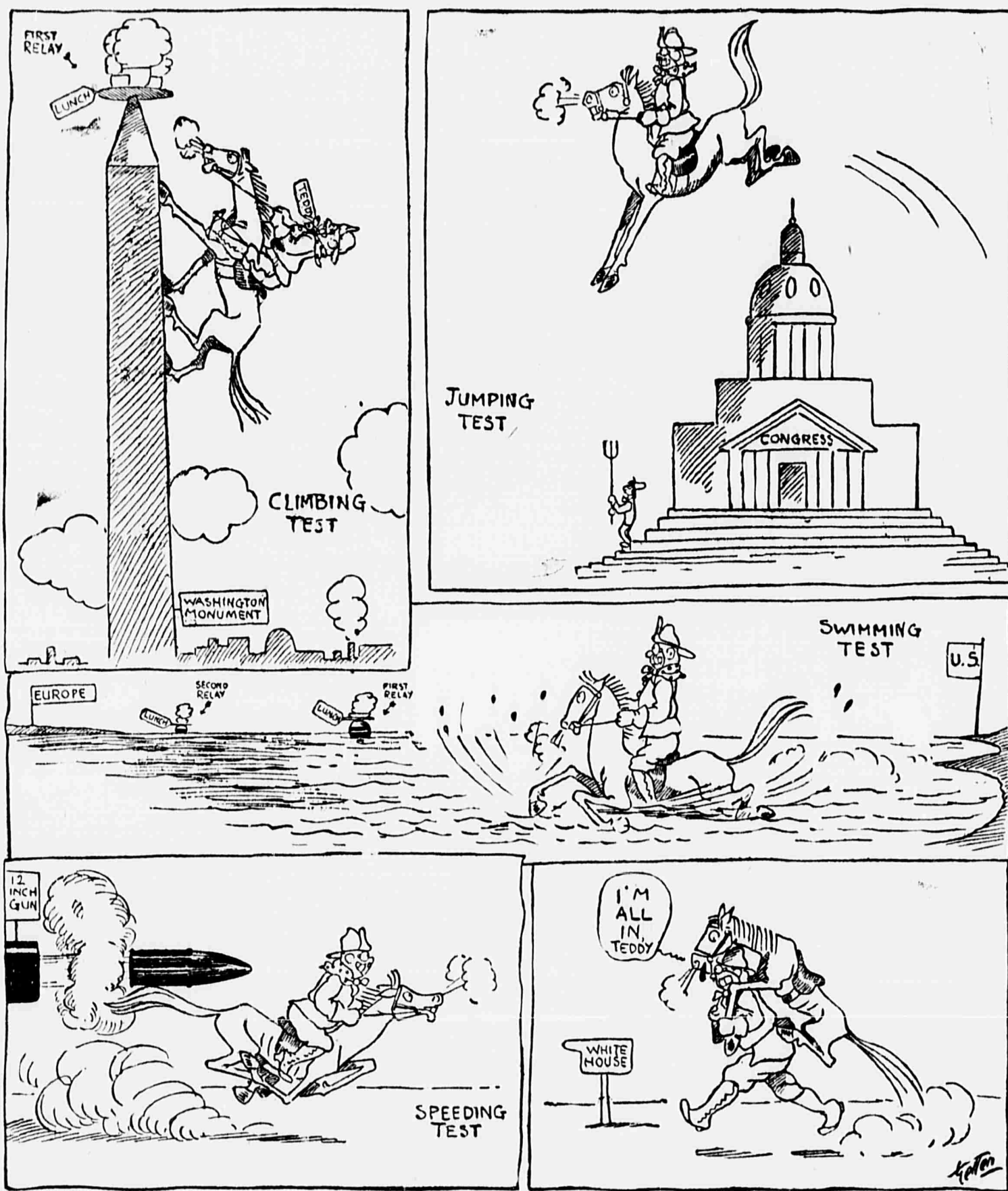
Alfred Austin.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Who is the present Poet Laureate of England?
A. GROSS, Corona, N. Y.

Marriage Queries.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
1. Is it compulsory for a non-resident to obtain a license to be married in the City of New York?
2. What is the proper finger on which a young lady should wear an engagement ring?
3. Is it customary for a gentleman to wear an engagement ring?
4. Marriage licenses are required in New York.
5. The third finger of the left hand.
6. No.

Trouble With References.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read the letter of the man who had trouble with references. It was due to the panic in November, 1907, that I was thrown out of employment and compelled to seek another position. I could find no work for a year. Then I had an interview with a superintendent of a well-known retail house. He demanded "references for past five years and five years previous." Fortunately, I was

What Next!

By Maurice Ketten.



A Bone, a Bald Spot, a Hank of Vanity Says Nixola Greeley-Smith Is the Husband Tabbed as No. 3

ANY woman who takes a third husband deserves him—a sentiment which may be read any way you please. If her third venture be successful, to her be all the glory. If it fall, upon her head be the responsibility.

A pleasing third husband may be made from almost any material save only that pitfall of the elderly woman—the man twenty years younger than herself.

The most pitiful spectacle I have ever beheld was that of an old German woman, bedridden from rheumatism, whose bridegroom of twenty-five had just deserted her, taking with him \$10,000 she had inherited from her first husband. The fact that certain elements of humor entered into the situation only made her condition more pitiable. Over and over again she told me her little story: "And Julius said to me just before he was going out after supper, 'Good-by, darling, I'm going bowling till 3 o'clock.' And I said, 'Yes, honey. Be sure you are back at 9 o'clock to rub me for my rheumatism.' Julius was always so kind. He would rub the liniment on my poor old back for me."

"Old fool!" says the common-sense commentator. "What did she expect? But she has been expecting her foolishness ever since, and the fact of her foolishness doesn't make her the less unhappy."

Barring the adoption of a mercenary youth, there is nothing in the line of third husbands to avoid excepting the foreign fortune hunter.

Almost any man, by the time he has reached the status of third husbandhood, is sufficiently chastened and unselfish-minded to put in domestic harness without interfering with his mate.

So few youthful illusions remain to a woman when she marries the third time that she is glad of any bone and bald spot and hank of vanity to drape her ragged dreams upon. The first husband is chosen for his looks, the second, as we have seen, for his wearing qualities. The third doesn't have to last so long, and, therefore, if the widow in search of a third mate wants to indulge a lingering fancy for saucer eyes and little curly mustaches, and has the money to pay for them, who shall say her nay?

On thing, however, she must bear in mind: whatever the fate of her venture, she must not look anywhere for sympathy. She is not entitled to any. "Sympathy" is her prerogative as a widow or freshly blighted divorcee, but she forfeits all right to it when she goes down in the sea of matrimony for the third time.

How to Take Care of Baby.

By Victoria Regina.

MY friend Miss Jones, whose "Mother's Column" forms so popular a feature in that widely read magazine, Home, Health and Hilarity, said to me yesterday: "My dearest Victoria, why do you not write a father's page for the periodical which you represent? Now that the suffragette parades so hamper Mother in her domestic duties, Father must be prepared to assume many of those household cares which pertained formerly to her own province."

Above all else Father should remember that Baby is not a machine, but a bald, vocalized, nocturnal, omnivorous mammal indigenous to flats, but found elsewhere in considerable quantities.

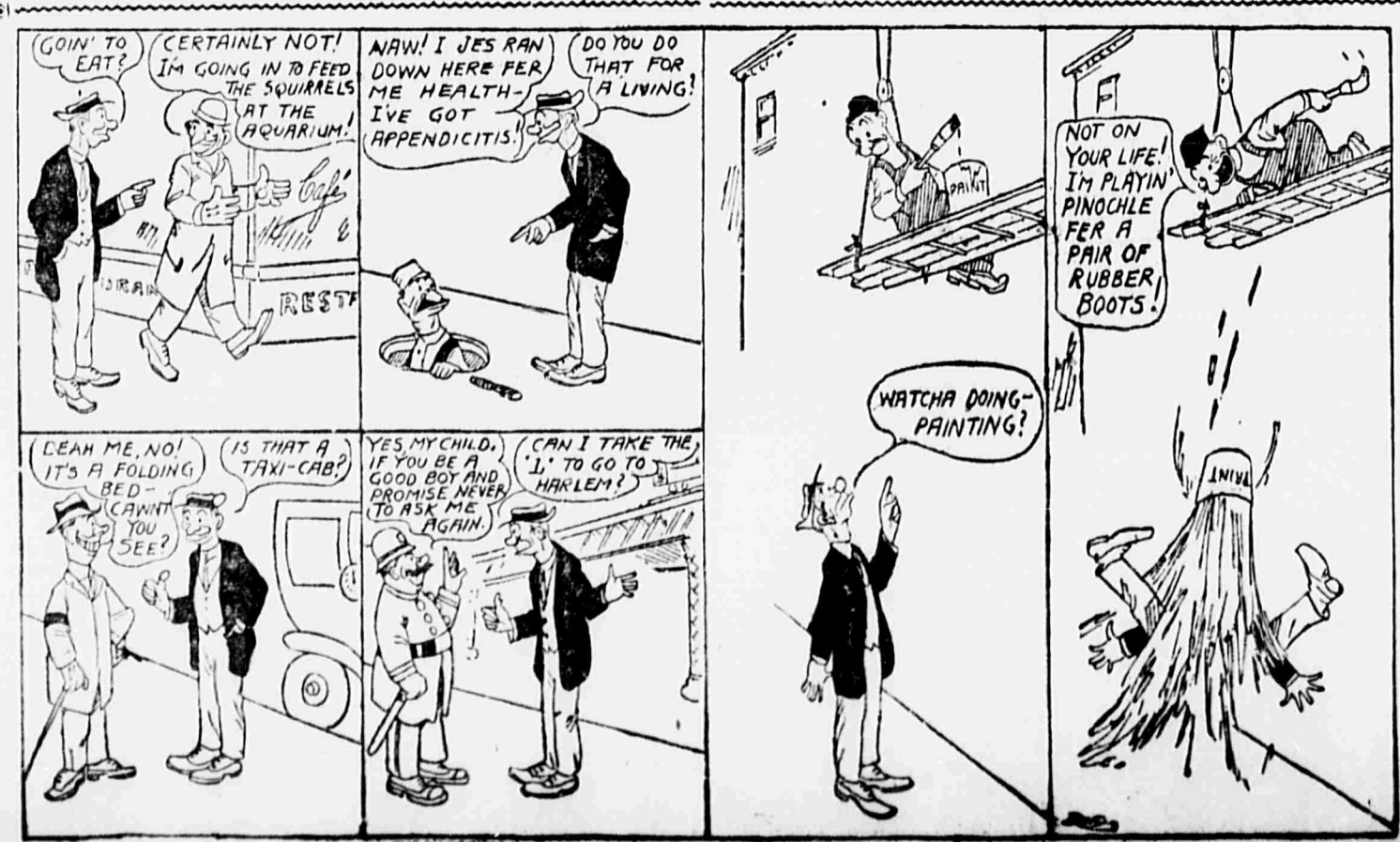
A Birmingham Father writes: "I have a sweet little toddler who cries himself red in the face whenever we endeavor to correct him. I am afraid that he will work himself into a fit. What shall I do?"

Paint Baby's face with stripes of delicate green. This will relieve the glare, which is often inlaid to Father's eyes. If signs of a fit appear, rip Baby up the back lightly with a pair of scissors.

"I am very much worried about Willie," writes Father of Four. "I am afraid that one of his legs is growing faster than the other. What shall I do?"

Take Willie to some place where horses are exercised in tests of competitive speed and they will both be lengthened equally. And in this connection it is of great importance to remember to train Baby in the way he should go as soon as he begins to creep.—Harper's Weekly.

Have You Met JOHNNY QUIZ? By F. G. Long



Fifty American Soldiers of Fortune

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 38—COL. JAMES BOWIE.

TWO men stood facing each other with levelled pistols on a Mississippi River sandbar, near Natchez, one early morning in August, 1837. The duellists were Samuel Wells and Dr. Maddox, a couple of local celebrities who had quarrelled and who had chosen single combat as a last resort.

The quarrel had not been confined to the two duellists alone. It had spread throughout the whole community. The hot-tempered pioneers had taken sides with one disputant or the other until each had a throng of partisans. A number of these friends and supporters had come to the sandbar to witness the duel. Barely out of pistol range they stood, a group of them behind each of the fighters.

Maddox and Wells awaited the word to fire. When it came both pistols spoke. Yet when the smoke cleared each man was still standing. Neither had received the slightest hurt. Their seconds conferred in whispers. Then spurred on by the angry growls of the spectators, they agreed that two more shots should be fired.

Again, at the word of command, the combatants pulled trigger. Again neither was hit. It was decided that honor was satisfied and a reconciliation was attempted. But this by no means ended the warlike backwoodsmen and pioneers who had gathered to watch the duel. They broke into the discussion. One furious word led to another. Knives and pistols were drawn. In an instant both factions were fighting for their lives.

The bravest man and most renowned soldier present was James Bowie, of Georgia. Bowie as a lad had moved to Louisiana and was gradually drifting westward as a leader in the great movement that was one day to carry progress and civilization clear across the trackless continent. Bowie was poor, but full of resource. Having some time earlier lost his hunting knife and having no money to buy a new one, he had laboriously ground down the end of an old file to a sharp point, sharpened one of its edges and fitted a rude handle on it. This today was his only weapon.

As the two factions attacked each other Bowie was wounded by a pistol shot. But the wound did not check his onward rush. He drove his home-made knife to the hilt into the body of his assailant—Major Norris Wright—slaying the Major at a single blow, then charging afresh into the conflict. In that impromptu battle six men were killed and fifteen wounded. A goodly share of the "casualties" were due to Bowie's strange knife. The weapon and its owner suddenly found themselves famous. Exact models of the knife were made by a Philadelphia hardware man, who at once found so many customers for them that he made a fortune. Thus the celebrated "Bowie knife" came into use. The backwoods soldier of fortune who had fashioned it from a file declared:

"In a strong man's hands it is better than any pistol."

Westward Bowie wandered, settling at last in Texas. The future "Lone Star State" was then Mexican territory. But its rich miles of pasture land were already quite thickly populated by Americans. Between these American pioneers and the Mexicans there were constant clashes. Bowie and his friends wanted to free Texas from Mexico's grip. Mexico, on the other hand, did everything to cramp the Americans' efforts and to make life in Texas a burden for them.

Bowie was a born leader and many a mighty blow did he strike for Texas freedom. In the battles of San Saba, Navochoates and Concepcion he did such valiant work as to win the rank of colonel. He was in command at the celebrated "Grass Fight" in 1835. The prowess that had enabled him to fashion a deadly weapon from a useless old file helped him now in shaping raw frontiersmen into efficient soldiers and in modelling the rough-hewn destinies of Texas.

Early in 1836 a band of 140 Americans entrenched themselves at a Texas mission fort called the "Alamo." There they were attacked by the Mexican general Santa Ana, with 4,000 troops. The place was surrounded and there was no possible chance of escape. Yet the Americans fought on, inflicting terrific damage upon their stronger foe, laughing at the summons to surrender.

Bowie, with "Davy" Crockett and thirty-seven other Americans, learning of his comrades' hopeless plight, cut his way through the Mexican host and burst into the fort to die with his fellow Americans. Bowie knew well that he and his followers were throwing away their lives; that it was seemingly useless suicide they were committing by entering that death trap, yet none turned back. They all died, loyal to America and to their brothers-at-arms. And the tale of their heroic action did more than perhaps anything else to rouse Texas against Santa Ana's tyranny and to pave the way for the future State's freedom from its Mexican masters.

Bowie, wounded in the leg as the Mexicans forced their way into the fort, braced himself against a wall and fired into the ranks of advancing foe until his ammunition was exhausted. Then, gripping his famous knife, he crawled forward on all fours, and flung himself at the nearest Mexican. Stabbing and slashing, he fought on, heedless of his own wounds, as long as breath remained.

His body, riddled with bullets, is said to have been found after the battle, lying in the centre of a ring of thirteen dead Mexicans, all killed by the fearful strokes of the original "Bowie knife."

Missing numbers of this series may be obtained by sending one cent for each number to Circulation Department, Evening World.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.

Translated

By Helen Rowland.

VERILY, verily, my daughter, there is a time for all things!
A time to flirt and a time to regret it.
A time to love and a time to get over it.
A time to marry and a time to divorce.
A time to cajole a man and a time to put thy foot upon his neck.
A time to be happy with a husband—but MORE time to be happy WITHOUT him.

For she that marryeth for companionship and weddeth for excitement is as one that goeth to a pink tea for dissipation. Yea, her days shall be of an appalling sameness, even as the green hats on Broadway or the love-making of two men.

And it shall come to pass that she shall buy herself a bulldog, that she may have SOMETHING to talk to. Yet mock her not, for a bulldog LOOK-ETH INTERESTED when she addresseth him; verily, he APPEARETH to hear when she speaketh and seemeth CONSCIOUS that she is in the room. Yet unto a husband her foolish chatter is as the buzzing of the gas jet, and even a plumber shall not turn on the flow of his conversation after many months.

Moreover a bulldog accepteth his meals without question nor growleth thereat. He cometh and goeth at regular times and at night thou knowest just WHERE he is. Yet, unto thy DOG his home is something more than a rest cure and a meal ticket, and THOU art not merely a part of the dining room furniture.

Therefore, feed him on pate-de-fois-gras and cream and cover his paws with perfume; adorn him with all-silk ribbons and give him his favorite pillow. For he knoweth not blondes from brunettes and unto him thou art the ONLY woman. Verily, verily he is a LUXURY—but a HUSBAND is a NECESSITY. Selah!

The Day's Good Stories

The Prudent Piper.

ANDREW CARNEGIE is fond of the Scots' national instrument, the harp, and when he is at home at Skibo Castle usually has his pet piper to play for him at dinner. Particularly is the musician in attendance when the great philanthropist has guests.

On one occasion a big company of men sat down to table, and the piper pranced up and down the room as he played.

The whole thing was new to a French literary man, who politely asked the guest on his right, "Why does he walk up and down when he does this thing? Does it add to the volume of the sound, or does it make a cadence?"

"No," said the other, "I don't think it does anything to prevent the sound from getting its range with a knife or a water bottle."

A Sly Hit.

HENRY JAMES, the American novelist, lives at Rye, one of the Cinque Ports, but recently he left Rye for a time and took a house in the country near the estate of a millionaire jam manufacturer, retired. This man, having married an earl's daughter, was ashamed of the trade whereby he had plied up his fortune.

The jam manufacturer one day wrote up and down the room as he played. Mr. James an impudent letter, rowing that it was outrageous the way the James servants were trespassing on his grounds. Mr. James wrote back: "Dear Sir: I am very sorry to hear that my servants have been poaching on your preserves."

"P. S.—You'll excuse my mentioning your preserves, won't you?"